THE NEW

Vocal Harmony,

OR, THE

Merry Fellow's Companion.

BEING

A Choice Collection of SONGS,

Sung at all the Places of Public Entertainment.

CONTAINIG,

1. Margate Hoy.
2. Nautical Benevolence.
3. Ballad Singer.
4. Hal the Woodman.
5. Poor [illegible]ck.
6. Young William.
7. Dear Mary.
8. Sweet Girl by the light of the Moon.
9. 'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town.
10. Spring Water Cresses.
11. Dicky Gossip.
12. All on board of a Man of War.
13. Little Jew.
14. Jack Flourish.
15. Caledonian Laddy.
16. Midnight Hark Away.
17. Lowland Willy.
18. Tom Block.
19. Bottle and Bird.
20. No Sport to the Chace.
21. General Toast.
22. Jack Junk,

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1. *Margate Hoy.*

NOW's the season for laughing and jollity,
Crowding together, all nations and quality—
Margate, a hoi! as I merrily hollow-tye—
All come on board as the breezes blow;
Swift as the arrow from bow flies to target,
Or packet from dear little Dublin to Parkgate,
I'll waft you all safe from London to Margate,
And whistle a wind as we cheerily go,
Now's the season for laughing, &c.

Bucks who hunt fashion like quick-scented mousers,
Leave town it exhibits no sport for ye now,
So pull off your boots & put on your trowsers,
To join the gay throng where the sea breezes blow,
Pretty men milliners, fresh water sailors,
Smart 'prentices, aldermen, actors & taylors,
Let me & old Ocean awhile be your jailors—
I'll sing as he rocks while you cheerily go.
Now's the season for laughing, &c.

2. *Nautical Benevolence.*

WHY what's that to you, if a trifle I'm giving,
To relieve the sad wants of a brother in jail?
Depriv'd by oppression of getting his living—
Ah! who could refuse him that heard his sad tale?
Then let hard hearted creditors ever be piping
'Bout roguery, and strive how they best may oppress,
Tho' the rich they may find lordid pleasure in griping,
I find more delight in relieving distress.

This man once, like you, was possess'd of each blessing
That mortal could wish in this uncertain life;
And while fortune thus favour'd each friend was caressing,
But distrest, none stuck by him except his poor wife;
For the world, d'ye mind me, ingratitude ripe in,
They forget all past favours when want doth oppress;
But for me, there is nothing I take more delight in,
Than when I can help an old friend in distress.

Good-nature, I own, may sometimes be a folly,
As my friend in the bilboes too plainly can tell,
Since thro' that he's overwhelm'd in sad melancholy,
'Cause his heart cou'd not pity's soft pleadings repel;
He was bound for a friend who unto him came piping,
How an unfeeling creditor sought to oppress
And soon after that he'd put his hand to the writing,
His friend took a trip, and left him in distress.

Now safe lodg'd in the Fleet, where allowance is scant, sir,
Shut up from the world, fore'd to beg for his bread,
To prevent his three children from dying for want, sir,
Who've no friend but himself, since their mother is dead.
Let your landsmen and lubbers for ever be piping,
How 'tis all through our own seeking that want doth oppress;
Not so with us tars, for there's nought so delighting,
Next to flip, as when giving our mite to distress.

3 *The Ballad Singer.*

GENTLE people as ye throng,
Listening to a beggar's song,
Think ye mirth inspires the strain?
Think ye pleasure and joy reign?
Ah! no, the strain that beggars chaunt
Issue from the breast of want,
Ah! the strains that beggars sing,
Not from mirth but misery spring.
When good cheer and wine abound,
You may bid the song go round,
Then may rise the jocund lay,
To pass the social hour away.
But need you, gentlefolks, be told,
How hard it is when wet and cold,
And hunger round the minstrel cling,
How very hard 'tis to sing.
Then O incline to gentle pity,
Come buy, O buy the beggar's ditty;
Ye rich, whose coaches roll along,
And drown the beggar's humble song,
Pittance from the window fling,
'Twill make him happy as a king,
'Twill make him happy as a king,
Then shall his numbers lightly flow,
Freed from their former hurtful woe;
Then grateful themes his voice employ,
And once a beggar sing for joy,
And once a beggar sing for joy.

4. *Hal the Woodman.*

STAY traveller, tarry here to-night,
The rain ſtill beats, the wind is loud;
The moon too has withdrawn her light,
And gone to ſleep behind a cloud.
'Tis ſev'n long miles acroſs the moor,
And ſhould you from our cottage ſtray,
You'll meet, I fear, no friendly doot,
No ſoul to tell the ready way.
Come, deareſt Kate, the meal prepare,
This ſtranger ſhall partake our beſt;
A cake and raſher be his fare,
With ale, that makes the weary bleſt.
Approach the hearth, there take a place;
And, till the hour of reſt draws nigh,
Of Robin Hood, and Chevy Chace,
We'll ſing; then to our pallets hie.
Had I the means, I'd uſe you well:
'Tis little I have got to boaſt;
But ſhould you of our cottage tell,
Say, Hal the woodman was your hoſt.

5. *Poor Jack.*

GO patter to lubbers and ſwabs, d'ye ſee,
About danger, and fear, and the like,
A tight water-boat & good ſea-room give me,
And it an't to a little I'd ſtrike;
Tho' the tempeſt, top-gallant-maſt ſmack ſmooth ſhould ſmite,
And ſhiver each ſplinter of wood:
Clear the wreck, ſtow the yards, and howſe every thing tight,
And under reef fore-ſail we'll ſcud:
Avaſt, nor don't think me a milk-ſop ſo ſoft;
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they ſay there's a Providence ſits up aloft,
To keep watch o'er the life of Poor Jack.
Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day,
About ſouls, heaven, mercy, & ſuch;
My timbers! what lingo he coil'd, & belay,
Why, 'twas juſt all as one as High Dutch;
For he ſaid, how a ſparrow can't founder, d'ye ſee,
Without orders that came down below,
And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow; (ſo oft,
For, ſays he, d'ye mind me, let ſtorms e'er
Take the top-lifts of ſailors aback, (aloft,
There's a ſweet little cherub ſits perch'd up
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

When laſt we weigh'd anchor for ſea,
What argufies ſniv'ling and piping your eye,
Why what a damn'd fool you muſt be;
Don't you ſee the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for ſailors and lubbers aſhore, (Poll,
And if to Old Davey I ſhould go, my dear
Why—you never will hear of me more;
What then, all's a hazard, come, don't be ſoft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back,
For, d'ye ſee, there's a cherub ſits ſmiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.
D'ye mind me, a ſailor ſhould be ev'ry inch,
All as one as a piece of the ſhip, (ſtuck,
To brave well the world without offering to
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, tides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that ſprings,
My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life—'tis my king's;
E'en when my time's come, ne'er believe me ſo ſoft,
As with grief to be taken aback.
That ſame little cherub that ſits up aloft,
Will look a ſnug birth for Poor Jack.

6. *Young William.*

YOUNG William was a ſeaman true,
The darling of our bonny crew,
For blithe he was and kind,
For tho' no lagging lubber he,
Right loth he was to go to ſea,
For Jane he left behind.

And Jenny lov'd, but all by ſtealth,
Her father had much ſtore of wealth,
Of Will he would not hear.
Till cruel chance at length reveal'd
The paſſion they ſo long conceal'd,
And William loſt his dear.

A friendly voice poor William hail'd,
A ruffian gang the youth aſſail'd,
'Twas done by curſed gold;
The tender for the offing ſtood,
The cutter ſkim'd the yielding flood,
They hatch him in the hold.

She troubl'd walks the beach in haste,
And troubl'd look'd the watry waste,
And by the floating wave
A corpse was wash'd upon the shore,
'Twas William! and with tears they bore
Two lovers to the grave.

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7. *Dear Mary.*

YOU tell me, dear girl, that I'm given to rove,
That I sport with each lass on the green,
That I join in the dance, and sing sonnets of love,
And still with the fairest am seen.
With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry,
Around the green meadows so blithe and so merry,
With the black, brown, and fair, I have frolick'd, 'tis true,
But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

Tho' Phillis and Nancy are nam'd in my song,
My eyes will still wander to you,
Not to Phillis or Nancy my raptures belong,
To you, and you only, they're due.
With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry,
Around the green meadows so blithe and so merry,
My songs are of beauty and pleasure, 'tis true,
But I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

In those eyes you may read a fond heart all your own,
But, alas! 'tis the language of love,
My feelings you'd pity, that language once known,
Ah! learn it, all doubts to remove.
With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry,
Around the green meadows so blithe and so merry,
You'll ne'er find a heart that's more fond or more true,
For I never lov'd any, dear Mary, but you.

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8. *Sweet girl by the light of the moon.*

IT was a beautiful night, and the stars shone bright,
And young Johnny came tripping along,
He warbl'd a tune by the light of the moon,
And thus ran the theme of his song:
Ophelia, my dear, thy love he is here,
And the nightingale too is in tune,
I prithee don't stay, I've something to say,
Alone by the light of the moon.

The elegant youth I love for his truth,
And instantly flew to his arms,
Then so gentle and kind do prove to my mind,
It vanish'd a maiden's alarms;
To-morrow, he cry'd, shall make thee a bride,
Ah! no, I reply'd, too soon,—
Yet still, still he press'd, to grant my request,
Sweet girl by the light of the moon.

To keep him in pain was surely in vain,
And tho' I attempted to frown,
My little heart beat as he kneel'd at my feet,
And my hand dropp'd unknowingly down;
Transported with joy he gave her a kiss,
And pleaded so tender his boon,
I promis'd next day he husband might say,
Sweet girl by the light of the moon.

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9. *'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh Town.*

'TWAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet laylocks bloom, the grass was down,
Each shepherd courted his dear.
Bonny Jocky blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay,
The lassy blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
No, no, it winna do, I canna 'winna buckle too.

Now Johnny was a wag, but ne'er meant to wed,
Tho' long time he courted the lass,
Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
While so merrily she turn'd the grass.

But when he vow'd he'd make her his bride,
Tho' his herds and his flocks were na few,
She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd forever be true.

Bonny Jocky blithe and gay,
Won her heart right merrily,
At kirk she no more blushing cry'd,
No, no, it winna do, &c.

10. *Spring Water Creasses.*

WHEN hoary frost hung on each thorn,
E'er night had well withdrawn its gloom,
Poor Phebe went one wintry morn,
From Colnbrook down to Langley Broom;
When from the brake or from the hill,
Half clad and with neglected tresses,
Her rushy basket try'd to fill,
With fresh and green spring water creasses.

Yet many a cheerful strain she'd sing,
While walking thro' the chilling stream,
Her thoughtless spirits were a wing
On love or some such jocund theme;
Then with her humble merchandize,
In hopes to conquer her distresses,
Away to London then she flies,
And cries her young spring water creasses.

Thro' many an alley, lane, or street,
Ere Luxury had left her bed,
You're sure poor Phebe next to meet,
Trying to get her daily bread;
Whene'er her purse some might possesses,
With cheerful voice she daily cries,
Come buy my green spring water creasses,
My fresh and green spring water-creasses.

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11. *Dicky Gossip.*

WHEN I was a youngster I first was apprentic'd
Unto a gay barber so dapper and airy,
next was a carpenter, then turn'd a dentist,
Then a taylor good lord, then an apothecary,
But for this trade or that,
They all come as pat,
As they can;
For shaving and tooth drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
Dicky Gossip's the man.

Tho' taylor and dentist but awkwardly tether
In both vocations I still have my savings,
And two of my trades couple rarely together
For barber and carpenter both deal in shavings [various,
But blunders will happen in callings so
I fancy they happen to some who are prouder, [precarious,
Once gave a patient whose health was
A terrible dose of my best shaving powder.

12. *All on board of a Man of War.*

WOULD you know, pretty Nan, how we pass our time,
While we sailors are toss'd on the sea,
Why, believe me, my girl, at each season and clime,
True hearted and merry we be; [care
The tempest may blow, still unmindful of
So the fiddles but strike up a bar,
Why we sing, and we dance, toast our sweethearts and swear,
All on board of a man of war.

Should the foe bear in sight, and all hands call'd on deck,
Don't think jolly sailors are cow'd,
We'll teach them the old British flag to respect,
And bid them defiance aloud,
Then to it like lions perhaps we may go,
What then do we whine at a scar,
No, we'll sing and we'll fight, till we take her in tow,
All on board of a man of war.

As for this thing or that, which the lubbers on shore
Would fain make our lasses believe,
Why, d'ye see, 'tis palaver, my girl, nothing more,
So Nan, pretty Nan, do not grieve;
No danger can ever our courage affright,
Or shake the true love of a tar,
In wherever steering we still feel delight,
All on board of a man of war.

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13. *The Little Jew.*

'TWAS the top of the morning so pleasant and clear, [appear,
I was crying old cloaths when my love did
Her sweet tawny beauty was tempting to view,
Says I, Mrs. Solomons, how was it you do?
I was wishing a kiss or a smile from my dear,
I was whispering my wishes at the top of her ear,
Says I, Mrs. Solomon's we are both undone
If old Rabbi Abrahams does not make us one.

Then the bargain was ſtruck without more delay,
And pretty Mrs. Solomons became Mordecai, [and glee,
All Duke's Place reſolinded with laughter
And ſoon little ſmouchee was danc'd upon knee.

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14. *Jack Flouriſh.*

WHEN to my pretty Poll I went,
And to travel I ſought her,
Ah! ſtay at home, dear Jack, ſays ſhe,
I cannot croſs the water.
What could I do?—away I flew,
A curricle I bought her;
Six ſmoaking bays, all Hyde Park's gaze,
From Tatterſal's I brought her.
Dear Jack, ſays ſhe, how kind you be!
(She'd coax like Eve's own daughter,)
With you I will both live and die,
Do all but croſs the water.

Then ſplaſhing, daſhing, through the town,
She drove the ſtare of all,
The echo of her rattling wheels
Was, There goes pretty Poll!
Oh, pretty, pretty Poll!
From every tongue this echo run,
See, there goes pretty Poll!

What a lad then was I,
All to addreſs me try,
And my praiſe to withold none ſo curriſh,
With a girl ſo divine,
Such dinners, ſuch wine! [riſh!
What a damn'd clever dog was Jack Flou-
But an end to my caſh,
And my fame goes to ſmaſh,
No friends my good qualities nouriſh;
For they once ſo kind,
Now agree to my mind,
What a dam'd ſtupid flat is Jack Flouriſh.

Thus, cut by my friends, by bailiffs ſeiz'd,
And thus wild limbo near,
Yet with one hope I ſtill was pleas'd,
That Poll my cage would cheer,
To Poll I told where I muſt go,
And not to leave me ſought her;
She, laughing, cried, Dear Jack, you know
I cannot croſs the water.

15. *The Calledonian Laddy.*

BLITH Sandy was a bonny boy,
And always is a wooing,
Nor is he e'er too bold or coy,
Altho' he is ſo loving;
Laſt night he preſs'd me to his breaſt,
And vow'd he'd aſk my daddy O,
O dear, to wed me he conſeſs'd,
The Caledonian laddy O.

My bonny, bonny Highland boy,
My Caledonian Laddy O.

The maidens try both far and near,
To gain young Sandy over,
But all their arts I dinna fear,
He winna prove a rover;
For ſure he told me frank and free,
Unknown to mam or daddy O;
He'd marry, ah! none but me,
The Caledonian laddy O.

The other day, from Dundee fair,
He brought me home a bonnet,
A cap, and ribbons for my hair,
But mark what ſoon came on't,
As late at kirk ſomewhat we ſtood;
In ſpite of mam or daddy O,
He'd marry me do all I could,
The Calidonian laddy O.

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16. *The Midnight Hark Away.*

THE card invites, in crowds we fly,
To join the jovial rout, full cry;
What joy from cares and plagues all day
And hie to the midnight hark away.

Nor want nor pain, nor grief nor care,
Nor droniſh huſbands enter there,
The briſk, the bold, the young, the gay,
All hie to the midnight hark away.

Uncounted ſtrikes the morning clock,
And drowſy watchmen idly knock:
Till day-light peeps, we ſport and play,
And roar to the jolly hark away.

When tired with ſport to bed we creep,
And kill the tedious day with ſleep;
To-morrow's welcome call obey,
And again to the midnight hark away.

17. *Lowland Willy.*

HEN o'er the lawns at early day,
My lowland Willy hi'd him,
ith joy I drove my cows that way,
A milking to abide him;
y bonny bonny Lowland Willy,
My bonny Lowland Willy;
Love to shew thy power divine,
Make the lowland Willy mine,
y bonny Lowland Willy.

was o'er the downs he first began,
To tell how well he lov'd me,
ould I refuse the charming man,
O, no, his passion mov'd me.
y bonny bonny lowland Will, &c.

y Willy's love to me is joy,
I own'd it soon reliev'd me,
o kirk I hi'd me with this boy,
For he will ne'er deceive me,
y bonny bonny Lowland Will, &c.

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18. *Tom Block.*

Y name is Tom Block,
With my timbers all shatter'd,
ike an old hulk in dock,
My rigging is shatter'd;
rom my hammock was forc'd,
On a dark stormy night,
o my gun took my station,
And order'd to fight.
ity a sailor, &c.
Give relief to a poor sailor.

he wind it blew hard,
The cannons did rattle,
ike lions we fought,
Ve soon gain'd the battle;
nt hard was my fate,
My limbs from me lop'd,
ut better for me,
If to old Davy had pop'd.

or friends I have none,
My family is all dead now,
My wealth is quite gone,
I beg for my bread now;
o Providence I trust,
Till death shall me call,
epart then I must,
And bring up once for all.

19 *The Bottle and Bird.*

A plague on those mortals whom demons bewitch [rich!
To starve themselves living, in hopes to die
Here goes the last guinea—I change it with glee, [for me.
For my bottle and bird have more raptures
For my bottle, &c.

This takes away hunger; the other conspire
To warm me for Phillis with matchless desires, [court,
Then give me, ye Gods, while existence I
My bird of true game, and my bottle of port.
When time calls to lead up the dog and the gun, [run;
To the stubble, at day-break, with Dido I
There spring the brown covey, and round as they fly,
With an aim ever fatal bring down a supply
Returning, if chance throws a friend in the way,
We talk of the pleasures and toil of the day
When I press him sincere, to partake of my sport,
My delicate bird, and my bottle of port.
'Tis wine, rosy wine, gives new comfort to men; [ten.
Anacreon look'd plump at an hundred and
With the muse he could sport as the landscape he trod, [of the god.
And compose his sweet lays with the soul.
This theme, still delightful and pleasing to me, [the bee,
As the sweets of the spring to the taste of
Like the rosy-brow'd bard, let me constantly sport, [port.
O'er the bird of true game and my bottle of

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20. *No Sport to the Chace.*

NO sport to the chace can compare,
So manly the pleasure it yields;
How sweet, how refreshing that air,
Inhal'd in the woods and the fields;
As we rush in pursuit, new scenes still appear
New landscapes encounter the eye;
Not Handel's sweet music more pleaseth ear,
Than that of the hounds in full cry.

New ſtrength from the chace we derive;
It's exerciſe purges the blood;
How happy that mortal muſt live,
Whoſe ſport yields both phyſic and food!
So new and ſo varied, its charms they ne'er cloy,
Like thoſe of they bottle and face;
The oftner, the harder, the more we enjoy
The more we're in love with the chace.

The General toaſt.

HERE's to the maiden of baſhful fifteen,
Likewiſe to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
And here's to the houſewife that's thrifty,
Let the toaſt paſs, drink to the laſs,
I warrant ſhe'll prove an excuſe for the glaſs.

Here's to the maiden whoſe dimples I prize,
Likewiſe to her that has none, Sir;
Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
And here's to her that's but one, Sir.

Here's to the maid with a boſom of ſnow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.

Let her be clumſy, or let her be ſlim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill the pint bumper, boys, up to the brim,
And e'en let us toaſt them together.

---

22. Jack Junk.

'TWAS one day at Wapping, his dangers o'er hauling,
Jack Junk cock'd his jetumy, and broach'd a full cann,
Whilſt a poſſe of neighbours, of each different calling,
Cried, only but hear what a marvellous yarn!
Avaſt, cry'd out Jack, what's there marvellous in it,
When his time's come the ſtouteſt of hearts muſt comply.

Why now, you maſter tallow chandler, by way of throwing a little light upon the ſubject, don't you think 'tis better to be extinguiſhed when one's fighting in defence of one's king and country, than to ſtay at home lingering, and go out like the ſnuff of a candle.

Then like men do your duty, we all have our minute,
And at ſea, or aſhore we ſhall live till we die,
Hurray! hurray! hurray! boys,
Let's live till we die.

Why now, you Maſter Plumber, that vels at billows, [your
I ſhall founder at ſea, and you'll die
What of that, ſome have ſods, ſome waves for their pillows, [lea
And 'tis likely enough we may both die
And as for the odds, all the difference in it, [
I ſhall pop off at once, and you'll linger

Why, ſmite my crooked lu-ber! who kn but Maſter Snip there may ſlip his ca and break his neck, with taking the ni part of a fall off the ſhop-board into hell.

As for you, Maſter Bricklayer, to make your calling, [ha
A little like mine, is'nt a matter tha
Pray mayn't you from ladder or ſcaffo falling,
As eaſy as I from a rattling or yard:
Then for you its commiſſion a tile m bring in it,
As ſoon as a ſhot or a ſplinter for I.

As for Maſter Doctor, the undertaker Sexton, they want no advice from me, t ſend too many folks contentedly to their homes not to know how to get there conte tedly themſelves.

And when Captain Death comes the reckoning to ſettle, [you lik
You may clear ſhips for action as much
And behave like a man, but he's ſuch weig of metal, [ſtrik
At the very firſt broadſide the braveſt m
And when you have ſaid all you can, wha there in it? [ber would t
Who to ſcud 'gainſt the ſtorm but a lu

For as to qualms of conſcience, cheating cuſtomers, betraying friends, and ſuch like, ing a ſet of honeſt tradeſmen, I dare ſ you are perfectly eaſy about them ſort things.

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